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THE WHITELAW'S CURSE.

Tri-Bunethorne: TAKE CARE. WHEN I AM THWARTED I AM VERY TERRIBLE. SUPPOSE—I WON'T GO SO FAR AS TO SAY THAT I WILL DO IT—BUT SUPPOSE, FOR ONE MOMENT, I WERE TO CURSE YOU!

Grosvenor Cleveland: BUT SURELY YOU WOULD NEVER DO THAT! (*Throws himself at Tri-Bunethorne's knees and clings to him.*)





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ONE of the most important measures before the present legislature is the Freedom of Worship Bill.

As we understand it, the Bill practically provides for the establishment of confessionals, altars, candles and other appurtenances of Roman Catholicism, in the House of Refuge and our other Reformatories. The Roman Catholics themselves estimate that one-half of the inmates of these institutions are members of their church, and they have established beyond a doubt that the religious sensibilities of these inmates are profoundly disturbed at being ministered unto by heretical Protestants.

That they should seek to receive the comforts of their own religion is not to be wondered at. The mere fact that their regard for their belief did not keep them from crime is no reason why their crime should keep them from a free exercise of their religion. And in fact our Constitution provides that no man shall be interfered with in that exercise. But Roman Catholicism should not be the sole beneficiary of the bill. It should be made more comprehensive.

Mahomet should be given a chance, so that in the event of the Mahdi's committal to a Reformatory during his tour of this country, under the Dime Museum Management, he may have the comforts of his religion.

A special apartment should be set aside for those who worship at the shrine of Robert Ingersoll; barracks should be erected for the Salvation Army; a tabernacle in miniature, where the dread perils of the jaws of death may be described by the open and fearless jaws of Talmage, should be established, with special arrangements for heating purposes; Confucius ought to have a pagoda for the wants of our ever-increasing Celestial citizens; a wilderness for howling dervishes should be planted, and even the bigamist should be provided with his Mormonic shrine.

With these additional provisions, specified in full, the bill will have our hearty support.

Without them we think it should not be allowed to pass, because it tends to favor one sect at the expense of others. It is at present too incomprehensible.

* * *

IN his war with speculators, Mr. Augustin Daly meets with many curiosities of natural history.

A gentleman was refused admittance to the theatre the other evening, because he had purchased his ticket of a speculator. He expostulated, and said that he was a Bostonian, and did n't know of the rule at Daly's Theatre. He was immediately secured by Barnum, as a Bostonian, who would acknowledge that there was anything in the Universe that he did n't know, was too valuable to lose.

* * *

WHAT American citizen but felt his heart aglow at the display of the national flag on all the public buildings on St. Patrick's day!

Verily, Ireland lives again in us!

The Queen of England may have a birthday, but we show our independence of the hated Sassenach by hauling down our banners and quarreling, through the newspapers, with her Majesty for presuming to inflict the day upon us every year.

The Germans may have a Schutzen-Fest or an Emperor William's birthday, but no bunting is flung to the breeze in commemoration thereof.

No evening paper is printed in red, white and blue ink even on our own national holiday.

But on St. Patrick's day! The American flag *is* displayed, evening papers *are* printed in green ink and the citizens of this glorious Irish Republic get gloriously replete with drinking damnation to Ireland's enemies.

* * *

THE reason for this is apparent. The English come over here and defy all law and order. The Germans are most riotously disposed; the Swedes interfere with our government, local and national.

But the Irish!

So quiet, so lamb-like, gamboling in their green. The poor, oppressed son of toil, whose only refuge from rent and the gallows is America!

This is his reward.

* * *

WE understand that a crazy quilt is to be presented to ex-Governor St. John, in honor of his glorious fight for the cause of temperance.

The design, we believe, is St. John slaying the Flagon, after the style of St. George, who was "English, you know."



NOT SUGAR COATED.

She: THERE IS OFTEN A VAST DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A BOOR AND A BORE.

He (fishing): AND ARE MOST MEN EITHER ONE OR THE OTHER?

She (wearily): WELL, A MAN IS A BOOR WHEN HE DOES NOT CALL ON US, AND GENERALLY A BORE WHEN HE DOES.



OSCAR WILDE now advocates the abolition of the coat and vest.

We suggest that Oscar be locked up in his room before he gets any further.

* * *

IT has been discovered that the New York girl speaks of her mother as Mar-r, with a jerk on the r. The Boston girl says Mummer and Pupper, while the Chicago girl designates her parents as Pop and Mom.

In Philadelphia Muthur or Mow-wer is the correct way of addressing *mater-familias*, while "Power, bring me home a box of caramels like a dear old dad," is a very common expression.

* * *

AN exchange says: "Prince Bismarck managed to pick up \$500,000 during his political career."

This shows that in Germany politics are not as profitable as in America, where a Congressman who cannot pick up at least a million in a single term, is considered unworthy of his office.

* * *

"AH, me," sighed Mrs. Spriggins, "I knew this drinkin' would bring dissolution onto old Mr. Jinks. He's been committed as a hopeless invertebrate. That ought to be a warnin' to these debauchees at the shrine of Bacchus!"

* * *

"THE horseshoe crab," says a scientist, "has no special jaws, the thighs answering the purpose."

When the horseshoe crab cheers, he doubtless indulges in a hip, hip, hurrah.

* * *

THE bee can draw twenty times his own weight.

This proves that the bee, in exercising his uncomfortable habit of hitching himself to a man weighing 150 pounds, clearly overestimates his athletic powers.

* * *

MR. CLEVELAND has decided not to appoint ex-President Hayes Commissioner of the Hen-Roost. Mr. Tilden's hand is traceable in this.

* * *

APERUSAL of Mr. E. W. Howe's latest novel, "The Mystery of the Locks," fails to disclose whether she wore false hair or not.

* * *

A MAN up town advertises the "Opera Stables." We presume this is where the hoarse voices are kept.

* * *

WHEN we see all our fences taking unto themselves a glory of color which would cause a crazy quilt to pale, we may know that the greatest show on earth will shortly be in town.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

[A SYMPHONIC POEM IN BLACK AND TAN, BY PENNY WHISTLER.]

MY brain is very weary,
And my heart is very sore,
For the Music of the Future
With its mathematic score,
Has broken through my tympanum
And I can bear no more.

Perchance I am not musical;
Perchance I have no ear;
It's certain if the thing goes on
I soon shall cease to hear:
But even deafness has its charms
Before a cannoner!

I dream of Brahms and Wagner
And Liszt and Raff, and then,
I toss upon my pillow
For other kinds of men,
Come stalking on my vision:
Phantoms of evil ken.

Those Nihilistic Scowskis
Whose names no man can spell;
Names fitted not for human jaws
But for the jaws of Hell;
Those Scowskis swoop upon me,
With fierce Slavonic yell!

This wakes me,—and I thank the gods
That Wagner sings to them;
I pray that Russian dynamite
May hoist those Scowski men;
That Dvörak may be soon embalmed,
Or else put down his pen.

I pray the coming of the day
When music shall enchain,
The listening ears of mortal souls
Without a twinge of pain;
A Music of the Future, say,
'Twixt Brahms and Belle Helène.

LITERARY REVIEW.

"HOW to Get Strong" is a sequel to "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." The author recommends cloves, car-damon seed or snake root. For sale by all druggists.

THE first New York Mounted Rifles held their annual reunion last week.

The Thirteenth New Jersey Infantry Double-Barrelled-Shot-Guns, will hold their first meeting since the war next month.

LETTERS FROM BELOW.

III.



Shady Side, Styx.

EAR SWINBURNE:—

When you come down here, do come prepared. I brought one of "Jenny's" parasols, that sad colored red one that she carried that afternoon at Richmond, and it is of no more use than the alcohol lamp Carlyle brought, with which to warm his oatmeal. Do keep your wits about you, and bring something of inherent Tartarean value. Say ten feet of asbestos

hose, wrapped in tin foil, or a phosphorus sponge, or a hand grenade bath tub, or a little modesty. For none of these things are in stock here.

I suppose my fame is still alive. "I never wrote anything immature," you know, and that must count in my favor. How do my three heavenly damozels in straight night-gowns get on? You might not suspect it, but everybody down here thinks I was a kind of social fanatic who died in a crusade against hooks and eyes and hairpins.

Thomas Babbington Antithesis is the only individual who has been distinctly disagreeable to me. Machine balladist that he was, he no doubt envies me my successful poetic license. For example, the other day as I was walking with Waller past the "Blazer Café," we saw Thomas B. Antithesis sitting at a table with Boswell. We went in and found that T. B. Antithesis was repeating an old number of the *Times* backwards to his companion. Waller said something pleasant about memory, and I added that even originality was only the enthusiastic discovery of old things. But as we went out the door I heard T. B. Antithesis say to Boswell something about lewdness swathed in sentiment. Now, that was unkind of Antithesis, and if you get a good opportunity try and show up some more of his wild historical inaccuracies. To show how little he is considered in Hell, it suffices to tell you that they punish the school-children here by making them learn how Horatius defended the bridge that day, and Homer's Catalogue of Ships and then chant them to the time of one of Wagner's choruses.

And one day when Sydney Smith was making fun of the Devil's mother-in-law, he was told quite sharply that if he did not put an end to his lisping jocoseness he should be tied to a rock and be talked to for thirty-six hours by T. B. Antithesis and Harriet Martineau. The thought of this made him so unhappy that they were obliged to let him play with the little princes, who were smothered in the tower, to revive him.

I suppose it gives great satisfaction to Buchanan and Mal-

lock and the Evangelical clergy to know that I am down here. They say Harriet Martineau and Margaret Fuller gave their classes in ethics a half holiday when they heard I was coming. But Harriet was a bit of pious pomposity so sexed by a kind Providence as to prevent the duplication of Dr. John Cumming, D.D., of blessed memory.

It is true I was of the opinmonico-bilious temperament, but there were many others just like me, only I had the talent of my sins, while they only had the mediocrity of some thinly disguised virtues.

Hell to me is sadly lacking in color and complexity. It is drearily monotonous. Only the ashes of burned out passion, only impotent deviltry, nothing that can hurt, only a waste of individuals powerless even to be bad and unconscious of the meaning of noble aspirations.

Bring some color when you come. Everything here is red. Bring some marine blue and some yellow—yes, some yellow, if you love me.

Yours,

My dear Algernon,
Dante Gabriel Rossetti.



T. B. ANTITHESES WAS REPEATING AN OLD NUMBER OF THE "TIMES" BACKWARDS TO HIS COMPANION.

Palmer: "Father, some one wants you at the telephone."

Old Gentleman (stepping up): "Hello! Hello! eh? oh yes, all right, of course. Good bye." (Turning to son): "Palmer, remind me to-morrow of what these people wanted." Palmer thinks the old gentleman has been dining with St. John.

TOOT ENSEMBLE.—The German street band.



OBSERVATIONS ON POETRY AND POCKET CULTURE.

THE verses of Austin Dobson are like beautifully decorated china, fragile and light, yet perfect in form and color. To sip tender sentiment and delicate fancy from these dainty cups of song is a most refined pleasure, like an afternoon *tête-à-tête* with a beautiful woman, over a cup of tea. In his most recent collection, "At the Sign of the Lyre," he has given illustration of the "divers tones" which he can call from his "one clear harp."

"Here be Ballad and Song,
The fruits of our leisure,
Some short and some long,—
May they all give you pleasure."

THIS wish of the poet his readers will, no doubt, fulfill. "In easy rhyme, and phrases neatly fitting," he has spun Triolets, Rondeau, and Villanelle, in which quaint conceit and quaint form are deftly mated. "The Ladies of St. James," "My Books," and "Little Blue Ribbons," are representative of all that is best in the volume. This school of verse-making, which Frederick Locker leads in England, has found able disciples in this country, we note with pleasure, in H. C. Bunner and F. D. Sherman. (Henry Holt & Co.)

WE are living in an age of pocket-culture. Good manners and correct speech are no more considered the fruit of birth and early education. They are purchasable commodities, condensed in handy volumes to be conveniently carried with that other instrument of civilization, the revolver. All are equally ready for instant use, and effective at short range.

"Discriminate," a companion to "Do n't," is, therefore, to be welcomed as a happy addition to the means of rapid progress and refinement. It is a manual for guidance in the use of correct words and phrases. A few gems will show the quality of the collection.

"Discriminate in the use of the word ARTIST."

IF it is your picture, call the man who made it an artist; if it is another man's picture, call him a dauber, sign-painter, or white-wash expert.

"Discriminate in the use of CHEAP."

When telling your wife of an evening with the boys (including tickets in the bald-headed row purchased from a speculator and a champagne supper at Delmonico's), it is proper to call it "a cheap racket." Never apply the word to her Patti matinee parties and spring bonnets.

"Discriminate in the use of DIRT."

There is condensed wisdom for you! If you must have it, take it in the form of hash, croton water and Coney Island clam-bakes.

"Discriminate in the use of DONE."

"Thou canst not say I done it," though classical is going out of style, and has been ruled out of the Thompson Street Poker Club.

"Discriminate between LOVE and LIKE."

Love expresses far more than *like*, and implies *devotion* and *absorption*. When rejected by a girl, it is always correct, thereafter, to allude to her as "a young lady I once *liked* pretty well." The other fellow *loved* her.

These specimens are sufficient to show how this little book safely bridges the pitfalls of life for the innocent youth and the gray-haired sinner. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Droch.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. Volume X.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Easter Bells, by H. H., with designs by Susie B. Skelding.
New York: White, Stokes & Allen.

THE AMERICAN PEERAGE.

COMPILED BY PERK, ULTERIOR KNIGHT FOR MANHATTAN.

MAMMON.



MAMMON, by the Grace of S—t—n, of the United States and Alaska, and of Ireland in America, King, Defender of Unfaith, etc., etc.

Succession: After the brief usurpation of George Washington, assisted and vainly prolonged by Hamilton, Jefferson and others, the rightful and hereditary House of Mammon was restored to the throne, and has ever since ruled undisputed.

Arms: Pales of twelve gules and argent on a chief sable, a false-weight dollar of the second.

Crest: A vulture devorant, picking to pieces a scroll, bearing the word "Equality."

Supporters: Dexter—a millionaire rampant, habited sable. Sinister—a millionairess in her pride, habited purple semée of diamonds.

Motto: "On the make."

The Princes and Princesses of the Royal House are too numerous to mention.



DE BILT, Vanelius, Duke of Hudson, Viscount Psificmail, Knight Commander of the Order of the Rail. This is a very old patrician family, dating back to a late period of the nineteenth century, and remarkable for unostentatious manners and great benevolence toward the poor—especially unfortunate speculators. Its recent social alliance with the Mandibles of Great Britain illustrates its democratic tendency.

Arms: Sable, a chevron between three \$ signs of the second.

Crest: A locomotive running over a prostrate man.

Motto: "God bless the public."

Seats: Steamer-chair and town house at Forty-second street and Fourth avenue.

Clubs: Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Authors' Club.



BLUJAY, Sir John, Baronet. The origin of the Blujays is obscure and plebeian, but by dint of talent they have pushed their way to high position. An ancestor is believed to have been found guilty of signing the Declaration of Independence. In spite of this blemish on the escutcheon and several public speeches by the present head of the house, the family still holds its own.

Arms: Tin, guttée du sang, argent.

Crest: A peacock in his pride.

Motto (from Whittier): "The foolish screaming of the jay."

THE LATEST RINKLE.

WHEN some years ago a well-known author gave to the world a book called "The Little Tin God on Wheels," people were struck with the novelty of the pedestal upon which the diminutive zinc deity was placed. To-day the title would seem commonplace, as the devotees of fashion—the gods and goddesses of society—are now passing through an epidemic of roller skating.

The young maiden, whose health requires a well-equipped brougham to take her to school, four blocks away, every morning, may be seen gliding around a skating rink for hours, covering in an afternoon some ten or fifteen miles without an effort.

The melancholy dude, whose chief labors have heretofore consisted in the intellectual work of sucking the top of his cane, and gazing from a hotel or club window at the young ladies on the avenue, so far unbends as to glide peacefully upon his "wollers" every afternoon.

Old *pater-familias*, who has been wearied by the labor attendant upon supplying a family of ten children with bread and butter, finds rest enough at the dinner table to take all the children around to the rink in the evening, and amuse them by letting them watch "Pa makin' a circus of himself."

Every one, young or old, no matter which, seems to have

been attacked by the malignant disease, and our doctors and ministers find it difficult indeed to draw up any medicinal or moral prescription which can head it off.

Our preachers have our heartfelt sympathy in their vigorous warfare upon this our rolling curse to humanity.

When churches are turned into skating rinks and Lenten services are decimated by the rival attractions of these rinks the clergy has need of all the moral support it can secure.

As the fight now stands the rinks are a few laps ahead.

TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION.

(IN THE PARQUET.)

DRY-GOODS CLERK.—Aw, Fweddle, see me wave my pwogwamme at that pwetty gurl in the box.

FWEDDIE.—Yaas, but she is n't looking at you me buoy!

D. C.—No, but every one in the theatre will think she is, do n't you know?

(IN THE BOX.)

EMILY (to Pretty Girl).—Look at that impudent fellow waving his programme at you, Sophie. He thinks you are looking at him.

PRETTY GIRL.—Yes, my dear, but nobody else in the theatre thinks so!

MORAL.—Where ignorance is bliss 't is folly to be otherwise.



THAT DREADFUL

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS CONCERNING THIS DEN OF



THIS DEN OF INIQUITY ENQUIRE OF THE CLERGY.



A YOUNG and gifted Mule was sitting at his desk writing a humorous article for a standard magazine, when the Editor of a great English Review walked up behind him and began to read the manuscript over his shoulder.

"Why, this will never do," said the great Reviewer, "you are attempting a style of coarse, rough and brutal humor, which may suit a frontier population, but will never obtain lasting favor in a civilized country. You should try to produce that rarefied, transcendental, elusive, and dignified variety of humor which is so delightfully illustrated and set forth in the London *Punch* and the popular mental arithmetics of the day."

MORAL:—This Fable teaches that there often exist between the author and his critics a strong family likeness and a mysterious and magnetic affinity.

PROVERBS FROM THE CHINESE.

GRANDEUR won't pay for rice.

A lazy woman's soul looks out of the holes of her clothing.

When a house is a-fire a man do n't stay to put on his best dress.

Contentment makes a man fatter than a pig.

Each man builds his own heaven.

He who grunts remembers the sty.



IT must be fate!

Mr. Wallack has been compelled to withdraw another greatest success of the season, to give place to a cast off success of years ago!

"Diplomacy" has been revived, and is doubly pathetic as now presented.

The contrast with its former representation imparts to it a pathos which brings tears to the eye.

Alas! How are the mighty fallen. One reminiscence of the old theatre remains undimmed by age.

SEATS AT THIS THEATRE MAY BE PURCHASED FROM OBNOXIOUS SPECULATORS AT \$2 EACH.

POOR SEATS CAN BE OBTAINED AT THE BOX OFFICE AT THE REGULAR PRICE—\$1.50.

THE celebrated Herr Sonnenthal will return to his Austrian haunts with fresh and hard won laurels.

The Hamlet laurel will be missed, however.

The spectator at this performance was inclined to inquire whether he had mistaken the Thalia for the circus, so many curious and ludicrous happenings were there.

Aside from the fact that Hamlet himself was more of a melancholy, though picturesque, Dude than Dane, the ghost was too flagrantly healthy, and the rhythmic flow of Shakespeare's "To be or not to be" was transformed into a dammed up, unflowing "*Seinodernichtsein*." In the melancholy position in which Hamlet found himself at this period of the play, such a tax upon his pronuncial faculties would have undermined a stronger constitution than his.

As for the "Get thee to a Nunnery," the German "*Geh' in ein Kloster*" as impetuously rendered, sounded more like a motion to adjourn to Koster & Bial's, than the advice we would give to a gentle maiden like Ophelia.

"Tis not alone our inky cloak" we would draw over Herr Sonnenthal's Hamlet, but we would we had had the power to drop that vermilion curtain on the performance unperformed.

A SOCIETY FOR FRUSTRATING THE ENDS OF JUSTICE.

AN English contemporary says: "There is a secret club in New York that is established specially for protecting its members and their friends from punishment at the hands of the law. Its ostensible object is merely to promote sociability, but its real motive is to frustrate justice. The members are all men in good business positions, or apparently so. There are several lawyers who make criminal defense their special calling, and there are many practitioners who are

A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH.

TO put new shingles on old roofs;
To give old women wadded skirts;
To treat premonitory coughs
With seasonable flannel shirts;
To soothe the stings of poverty
And keep the jackal from the door—
These are the works that occupy
The Little Sister of the Poor.

She carries, everywhere she goes,
Kind words and chickens, jam and coals;
Poultices for corporeal woes,
And sympathy for downcast souls;
Her currant jelly—her quinine,
The lips of fever move to bless.
She makes the humble sick-room shine
With unaccustomed tidiness.

A heart, of her's the instant twin
And vivid counterpart is mine;
I also serve my fellow-men,
Though in a somewhat different line.
The Poor, and their concerns, she has
Monopolized, because of which
It falls to me to labor as
A Little Brother of the Rich.

For their sake at no sacrifice
Does my devoted spirit quail;
I give their horses exercise;
As ballast on their yachts I sail.
Upon their Tally Ho's I ride
And brave the chances of a storm;
I even use my own inside
To keep their wines and victuals warm.



Those whom we strive to benefit
Dear to our hearts soon grow to be:
I love my Rich, and I admit
That they are very good to me.
Succor the Poor, my sisters, I,
While heaven shall still vouchsafe me health,
Will strive to share and mollify
The trials of abounding wealth.

E. S. M.

powerful with the caucus. A few editors are members, and the club has been able to affect some of the elections so as to put its own nominees on the judges' seats. (It must be remembered that judges in America are elected, not appointed.)

The services of the society can only be obtained by payment, and the amount depends on the enormity of the crime. In every case that is undertaken they guarantee to obtain a verdict of acquittal. This is done either by manufactured evidence that is carefully prepared, or by bribery. If neither of these methods are practicable, intimidation is resorted to. A very favorite plan with these men is to get their own nominees on the jury, and another successful way is to prove an *alibi*; for this purpose substantial business men will be prepared to perjure themselves to establish an *alibi* on the part of the accused.

Every member of this precious club is bound to do all in his power to befriend the other members, and in return is protected in like manner. Bail is always provided for any

amount and for every case. Enormous charges are made to those who are not members, and the profits are divided annually.

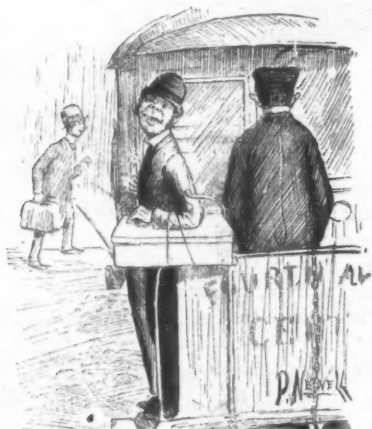
This club sprung out of the ruins of the Tammany Hall Ring. At first it was composed mainly of Democrats, but now there are as many Republican members, and it has no political aims. The flagrant delay in many of the New York courts, and the manifest injustice so often shown, is easily explained now the existence of such a society is known. The American papers have hitherto ignored the fact of such a club either through ignorance or fear or favor. We obtained the details from an ex-member, who is now resident in London, and on whose word we can rely."

We had supposed that the above was a fact so well known that any allusion to it on the part of the press was unnecessary.

For the sake of our English readers, however, perhaps a little further information on the subject may not prove amiss.



YOU NEED N'T STOP FOR ME; I'M NOT AN OLD WOMAN.

CAN'T SEE WHY AN ABLE BODIED MAN WANTS TO STOP
A CAR BEFORE HE GETS OFF.TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT; TWO HEARTS
THAT BEAT AS ONE.

The requirements for membership to the club are an initiation fee of [\$50, and yearly dues of \$25. No one is eligible who has not at some period of his life been under indictment for some offence. Most of our leading men belong and hardly any of our social lights would be out of the penitentiary to-day were it not for this society.

The privileges are confined to "Frustrations of Justice," as our English contemporary has said. Of course, as in purely social clubs, privileges have to be paid for and the price of course depends upon the Frustration desired. We have obtained from an ex-Judge of the Court of Impeachment, who is at present secretary of the organization, the following tabular statement of the prices.

FRUSTRATION LIST.

Embezzlement.

Frustration in Court, - - - \$1,000.00

This includes retainers of counsel, contribution to the Judge and Jury Fund, Corruption Fund applied to the widows and orphans of deceased false witnesses. Total *alibi*, resulting in honorable acquittal, \$50 extra.

Frustration out of Court, - - - \$500.00

Includes all traveling expenses to Canada. \$500 extra will purchase a small annuity, payable until expiration of time set by Statute of Limitations, when the criminal may return.

Assassination.

Frustration in Court, - - - \$5,000.00

Includes much the same as Embezzlement Frustration, with addition of seven witnesses of good reputation, willing to swear that they did not see the accused perpetrate the murder. In case of conviction in spite of previous efforts on the part of the society, a postponement of execution, followed by a commutation and pardon, warranted.

Frustration out of Court, - - - \$2,500.00

This consists in fastening the crime upon an innocent man and causing him to expiate it on the gallows. A cheap and elegant method for defeating the ends of Justice.

COMMON LAW CASES.

For these the following items furnished at ten hours' notice:

Judges,	- - -	\$100.00 each
Jury,	- - -	50.00 per man.
Disagreement of Jury,	- - -	100.00
False witnesses,	- - -	10.00 each
Intimidations,	- - -	65.00

These we think will suffice to show our friends on the other side of the water the advanced state our civilization has reached. The scheme works well, and it is a matter of surprise to us that it has not been adopted across the water long before this.

If any further information is desired, we will gladly furnish it.

We refrain from stating whether this club is the Union League, the Union, the New York, Knickerbocker, or the Thomas McK. O'Reilly Association, as a certain delicacy in the matter prevents our doing so.

It may be one or none of the above, and with this sole clue to its identification our English friends must be content



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

SEE her coming
Down the street,
Face so cunning,
Form so neat.
Carriage graceful,
Figure straight,
Lovely Vassar
Graduate.

See it lying
On the walk,
Some one will
Upon it stalk.
Orange peel
Is on the wait
For the Vassar
Graduate.

Now she places
One small heel
Squarely on
The orange peel;
Slips upon her
Well-formed pate;
Awkward Vassar
Graduate.

Flying garments
Then disclose
Pretty foot,
Exquisite hose.
Dude is mashed,
And sees his fate!
Sly old Vassar
Graduate.

—Detroit Journal.

NOT long ago a gentleman advertised in *The London Morning Post*, requesting the return of his cape, which he charitably explained had been taken by mistake. Evidently the request was unheeded, for in a few days afterward the following notice appeared: "Hang it! What do you mean by not returning my cape? You took it, you know you did, on Thursday last, January 29th. Send it to No. 105 Onslow Square at once."

It was a Boston newsboy who startled a car full of people by saying that the man who had bet \$1,000 that Cleveland would never see Washington alive was likely to win his bet. And when they all cried out, "Why?" he blandly replied: "Because Washington died too long ago."—*Boston Transcript*.

A GEORGIA lady has a squash 115 years old which is valued at \$100. This shows, says the New York *Graphic*, how much wiser it is to keep your squashes 200 or 300 years instead of working them up into pumpkin pies. It pays better in the long run.

THE INFANT UNDER THE SOFA.

"What would I do were you to die?" said a lady to her husband, who had just purchased a sealskin sacque for her. "Oh, come off!" said the eight-year-old hopeful, "you'd marry that old codger you kissed when pa was asleep on the sofa."—*Evansville Argus*.

LIFE must be very pleasant on the Congo. Instead of a man having to rush home at 4 P. M. to give his wife four hours' time to prepare for the opera, and then wait another half hour on the front steps until the two hundred and odd forgotten things are found and arranged, the Congo husband strolls home a few minutes before the performance begins and simply says: "Sarah, adjust your hairpin. We will go to the opera."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

If London newspapers used American headings, this is about the way some of the reports from the seat of war would lead off: "Another Brilliant Victory—The Rebel Hordes Crushed—Five English Generals Bravely Die with Their Faces to the Foe—One Arab Badly Scared."—*Philadelphia Call*.

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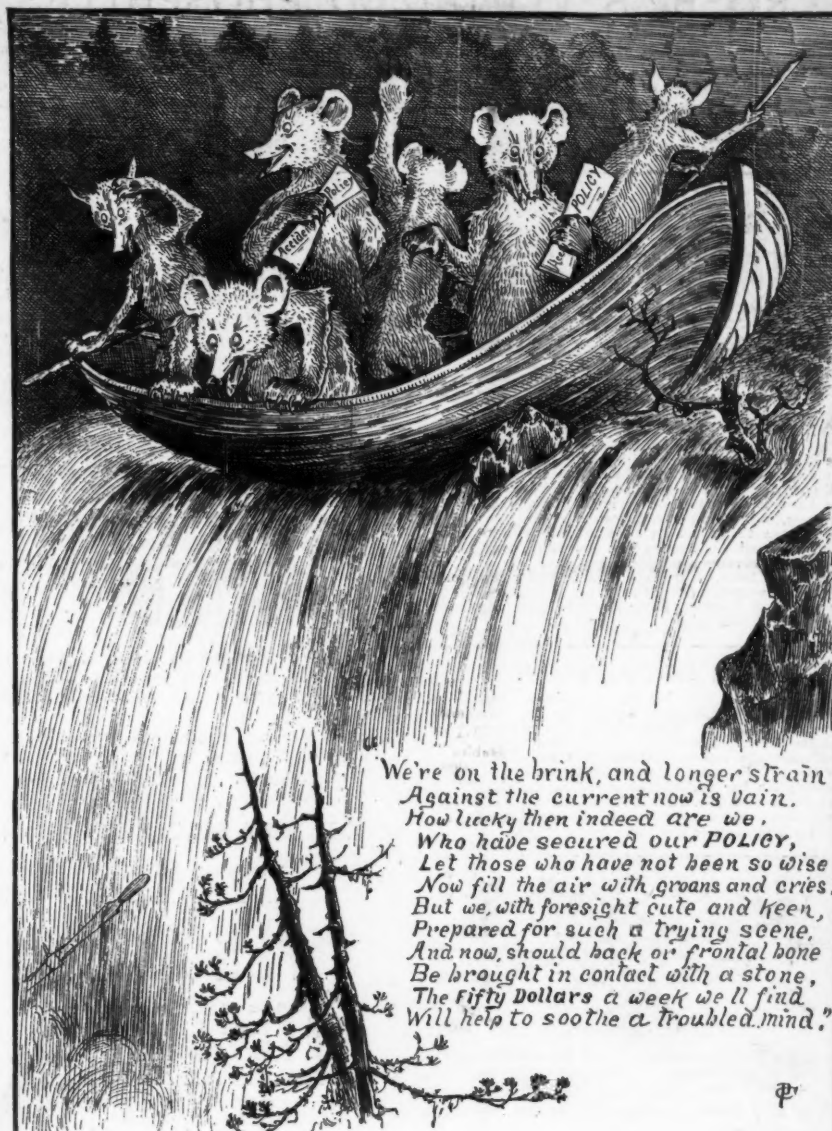
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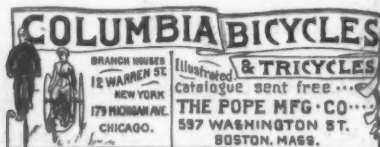
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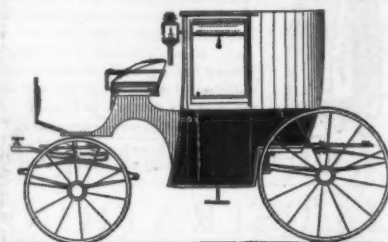


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